

Seasons

Life of Agony

It disturbs me to see that you're growing old
It concerns me to be the one you want to hold
Too busy running on fuel
Thank God you made it through
Let's spend the times we've missed and turn these days to gold

Lost as father and son
Bring us back together as one
Seasons change and so did your son
Strife with emotions that can't be one
Too busy running on fuel
Thank God you made it through
Let's spend the times we've missed and turn these days to gold

Want to hand you a piece of my delicate heart
This song is to uplift you and not to tear you apart
Father's lost in the mountains
But no mountain I can't see
But if that mountain should crumble come crumble on top of me